

Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

BAR HARBOR.

A Wild, Weird Tale of Love and Adventure.

BY AMOS LEE.

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CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

But, on leading Medji toward the rock from which she was wont to mount, she perceived an aged man, leaning under a heavy bundle of faggots. This figure had so timed its approach that it reached the rock as Natalie did. The woman, who seemed to be of very great age, turned, and in a cracked, tremulous voice addressed the Princess. So remarkable and interesting did this creature appear that Natalie forgot the oncoming storm, and began to question her with respect to her life and welfare. Feebly putting down the bundle, the trembling and palsied old thing told a pitiful tale that stirred Natalie's compassion. Drawing out her purse, she later bestowed a generous gift upon the old creature, who thereupon took the hands of her benefactress, and, pressing them to her lips, covered them with kisses.

Natalie gazed with mingled amusement and compassion, passively allowing the pitiable creature her way. She did not observe the sharp eyes cautiously peering out from behind the huge block of faggots nor the figure that lightly bounded to the stone. But she felt the iron hand that caught her in its relentless grasp, and the gag that effectually choked, at its beginning, her shriek for help.

The Princess struggled fiercely to escape, and even dragged her two assailants for some distance from the rock; but the old woman, who, by her own admission, was bent, and infirmly regained her strength, held the two small hands of the girl as in the grasp of an iron vice, while the other hand, with a back of her head, she kept that tightly bound to the stone. But she felt the iron hand that caught her in its relentless grasp, and the gag that effectually choked, at its beginning, her shriek for help.

Impressing upon the woman the necessity of observing every precaution to obtain success, he had added, with an oath, "If a hair of her head is harmed, your blood be upon your own heads."

The counterfeited peasant woman lightly picked up the unconscious Princess, and hastened toward the carriage with his lovely burden. The other woman followed with Medji, who, being blind, naturally, by, during this scene, Fairfax blew his whistle as the signal of release to Oxford and to Roger, the outposts on either side of the pool.

The latter met with but one wayward farmer residing in that neighborhood—and him he easily detained. But poor Oxford had his hands full in endeavoring to sustain an exciting conversation with the native old farmer and a half-dozen stupid waggoners, en route to St. Brioux with produce for the market. He blessed Heaven when he saw the carriage and its crew, and, cleverly turning a conversation, left the peasants to themselves and they rode on, disputing with each other.

Dick leisurely stalked into the woods, and, hiding among the trees, awaited the passing by of Dimitri and Catherine. When both the servants and carter had gone quite out of sight he ran into the grove where Fairfax and his men were concealed. Medji stood there, surrounded by a man's addie. The Princess' saddle had been taken off and placed in the buggy. She herself lay on the grass, pale and moaning. Dick, who, among his other accomplishments, possessed a slight smattering of medicine, agreed with Fairfax that her condition was only a momentary affair. As she seemed to be regaining consciousness, Fairfax coolly asked his friend to give her some water. She drank without urging, but was allowed only a swallow or two.

"She must quench her thirst with this," said the imperious leader, pointing forward to look on his face, as he gave Dick a small glass that he had filled from a phial concealed in his coat-pocket. She readily and gratefully drank all of its soothing contents and quickly fell back in a heavy slumber.

"Pick her up, Dick; put her into the carriage and drive. I will ride Medji," was the sharply uttered command. The old man, as ordered, while the valet and scummen set out on foot to the coast, distant about four miles.

Fairfax and Oxford made as rapid progress as possible. The storm spread out to break and did break ere they reached their destination. But, thanks to the rubber apron and excellent care of the hitherto clumsy Richard, even the lovely faggot-



THE PRINCESS STRUGGLED FIERCELY.

brood of the diabolical Princess were wet by scarcely a drop. Fairfax was drenched to the skin.

The lightning flashed vividly and the thunder roared with frightful force. Medji and the other horse reared and plunged in terror. Fairfax, ever on the alert, managed to prevent their running away, and finally subdued their terror. The darkness would have been intense had it not been relieved by the continual flashes of lightning.

Spurred on by the storm to still greater action, the excited man hoped forward with impetuous speed toward the coast. He had once or twice before been there, and remembered an old fish-house that stood near the shore. Hurrying thither, he discovered a dry space, spread out the blankets, and told Dick to lay the Princess upon them. And there she slept quietly and sweetly, wholly oblivious to the war of the elements and the tumult that was raging in the hearts of her guilty abductors, who looked at their victim and each other with remorseful consciences.

A large, rocky island was situated about half a mile off the shore. In the center of this island stood a tall, slender lighthouse, the high seas of the Channel. The two men continually glanced out upon the harbor thus formed, watching for the electric light of the "Namovna," and all displayed lights. But Fairfax knew that the "Namovna" light would far outshine them all.

The rain meanwhile continued to pour in

voraciously; the wind blew with frightful violence, while the lightning and thunder made hideous noises. They both took a little fire in the latrine. It, at least, seemed to dry their wet garments and to keep the girl from becoming chilled. About half-past eight the storm also was familiar with that portion of the coast—appeared with the two seamen. They were soaked to the skin, and gathered hastily about the fire.

Perhaps ten minutes later, the lights of the "Namovna" gleamed brightly over the tossing waves. The yacht steamed slowly toward the island, as if feeling her way. The storm now began to moderate. The wind finally ceased altogether; and the thunder sounded more and more distant. One by one the stars appeared, and the moon came up and lit the waters of the sea. A huge boat was seen approaching. Fairfax had so accurately described to the captain the point where he must touch that the helmsman steered directly toward the old fish-house.

Dick and one of the seamen lifted the sleeping girl. Fairfax arranged in the stern a place where to lay her down, and the docile Medji was led into the bow of the boat, which, according to Fairfax's orders, was the latest the captain could find.

"Good-bye, Dick. Write me. Here's my address," was all the American said to his friend.



A LARGE BOAT WAS SEEN APPROACHING.

friend. The weight of his offense began to oppress him, and he did not dare to look Oxford in the face.

"Thank you, Roger," added he, slipping several five-pound notes into the latter's hand.

"Now pull away, captain," and the boat shot off over the sparkling billows towards the graceful yacht, that rode at anchor a quarter of a mile from the island.

In horrified and helpless silence Oxford and his valet stood gazing after it. They saw the boat reach the "Namovna," watched that vessel swing about behind the island, and saw the boat disappear behind the island.

"My God! What have I done?" said Dick, as he heard a voice, slight and broken, the silence. "It can't be understood now."

"Roger," said he, with scared, white face and turning to that frightened and trembling attendant, "what ever happens, never breathe a word about this to any mortal soul. It may cost our lives."

Master and servant then drove directly to the house where Roger returned the vehicle and mare to the rightful owner, who, apparently, had no suspicion as to the part his property had been playing in a very questionable transaction. The Englishmen then took the train to Paris, arriving there about nine o'clock the next morning.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PRINCESS' MISTRESS.

Lady Lydia was a woman thoroughly disdaining so-called society men, the majority of whom she considered either insipid, or heartless, or both. She looked upon all as more or less selfish.

Being a girl of quick perceptions, she generally managed to form a tolerably correct opinion of each person she met during the first few interviews with him.

She was a woman of strong physique, strong will and strong intellect. An only child and the owner of enormous property, she was the target for the flattery and selfishness of an hundred designing adventurers. Many of her admirers were sincere in their devotion, however, for her disposition and mental endowments were not only superior to her physical and pecuniary attractions. But she never yet had seen any one who had inspired her with any thing like deep interest, and she was too sincere, and too honest, far to be misled by the flattery of a man who desired a match for mere honor or convenience's sake. If she ever thought of marriage at all—and it was a subject that rarely troubled her—her future husband was clearly defined in her imagination as a man who she could love, respect and, perhaps, fear.

She had been struck with the sadness and fine expression of Fairfax's countenance on that eventful night at the Marchioness'.

When the man was under the influence of any unusual or thrilling excitement, as he was during that evening, his entire manner was strikingly courteous, refined and dignified. He never appeared to better advantage than when suffering from mental or physical distress.

With a woman's eagerness to solve a mystery, she desired to learn his history. She was convinced that there was some mystery connected with it. Why had he been so disturbed at the Marchioness' appearance? Then, again, he had actually all but "cut" her out of his life, she supposed, thus making his action all the more annoying, because of his absent-mindedness.

At any rate, whatever the cause, her thoughts were continually reverting to Fairfax, and she found herself making a resolve to see more of him, and also to fathom his relations with the Princess.

But fate, in the shape of Fairfax's wily note, had forbidden her proposed confidential little chat with Natalie upon this eventful afternoon.

Only yesterday Lydia had written a pleasant little note to her "fly-away" friend, Richard, inviting him to dine the following evening, and begging him to bring his friend, Mr. Fairfax, if he liked; for whom she also included a note.

Cursing and cursing, with some similar associative expressions with regard to the headstrong and obstinate Fairfax, whose inexplicable conduct was thus vitally affecting away so magnificent an opportunity, Oxford sat down, grinding his teeth and with tears of anger in his eyes, wrote a polite reply to Lydia, regretting that Fairfax had left for Havre the evening previous—"with the intention of calling this very day for America"—and that he himself was obliged to depart in a few hours for Paris, whence he would soon leave either for England or for Switzerland.

This turn of affairs, while it annoyed Lydia, only served to make her more determined, and, during her ride to Dol, she came to the conclusion that, if she were to gain any headway in learning the history of this young American, she must make her way to the latter's home.

Of course, she found no Aunt Blanche, and no explanation of that lady's disappearance. Whereupon the energetic girl set about solving this mystery.

Dashing off a hasty telegraph message, she bade her coachman hand it to the operator in the depot. That official, the moment he glanced at Lydia's signature, gave the telegraph man a note that was intended for his mistress.

Tearing open the letter, Lydia read: "This is simply a ruse to draw the Lady Lydia out of the way. Her friend, the Princess Natalie, has been abducted. Kindly make known the news at Chateau D'Or, urging the uselessness of any search for her. The inclosed note is for Madame X." To explain the letter's having been in his possession, the operator quietly handed Lydia a large envelope, bearing the address: "Telegraph Operator, R. R. Station, Dol." On a slip of paper, inclosed therein was the following request:

"Please hand this envelope to Lady Lydia Broadacre, if she comes to the R. R. Station. Otherwise, hold it for further directions."

That was all, but quite enough to enlighten Lydia.

Horror-struck and greatly agitated, she hastened back to the chateau. Fairfax once again was successful. He had not planned for nothing. Ere bidding adieu to the steward of the "Namovna" he had placed in that reliable servant's hand an envelope, "which you will post from Havre," he added. It bore the postmark of that port, as Lydia observed.

Uncertain whether or not she were the victim of a cruel, practical joke, the poor girl, in an agony of suspense, kept urging her coachman to speed the horses to their utmost. Although accompanied by her maid, usually a great confidante, she resolutely kept the news to herself, notwithstanding the anxious questions of that kind-hearted boy, who perceived that her young mistress was unusually distressed.

Lydia's lips were firmly compressed, her cheeks were very pale, and determination appeared in every lineament of her face; while the blue eyes, hitherto so tender and melting, now glittered with a beautiful glare of suppressed anger and distress.

The carriage actually arrived at the chateau in somewhat less than two hours. The storm was fast coming on, and the belated lovers, Dimitri and Catherine, suddenly aroused to the fact of its rapid approach, had also been making exertions to gather up the shelter of the chateau, and were breaking. They reached the gates just ahead of Lydia.

The latter, subduing her agitation, in ordinary tones inquired of Catherine whether the Princess had arrived. The maid, in surprise and sudden alarm, replied that she supposed the Princess had been at the chateau for some time. Lydia involuntarily exclaimed: "What! the Princess?—the Princess?"

And then, feeling somewhat relieved, her perturbation might, after all, be caused by some frightful blunder. She must keep the entire affair a secret until further developments. Before covering her self with a light dress, she asked Catherine to inform the Princess of her arrival.

After what seemed to her an age, she beheld Catherine returning with a scared, white face.

"Oh, my lady, she is not here, and Dimitri says Medji is nowhere to be found. When she comes, she will be found. And this dreadful storm coming on, too. What shall I do? Perhaps, my lady, she went to see you. I know she was greatly disappointed when she read your note."

When Catherine made this announcement, Lydia's heart sank within her, and she felt obliged to yield to the horrible certainty that the impudent massive had told the truth.

Something must be done, and that quickly, too.

"Call Madame X," said she.

The maid, startled, greatly alarmed. Already drops of rain were beginning to fall—precursors of the now rapidly approaching storm, ready to burst overhead in all its fury. The winds sang dolefully through the trees, the lightning flashed warningly in the distance, and spiteful mutterings of thunder frequently smote upon the ear.

Together, the two women perused the note that Lydia had brought from Dol. It read as follows:

"By the time Madame X will read this, the Princess Natalie will be far distant from the chateau. I have no doubt, even if I rescue her. Every precaution has been, and will be, taken to prevent the slightest injury or insult to her. No ransom will be asked for her, and she will be returned to her home in six months' time from the date of her abduction, and in all probability much sooner. In the intervening period she will receive the most courteous and considerate of treatment. Her favorite authors and musical composers will be at her hand. A maid will observe her every wish. Medji will accompany her from now on, and will be permitted to visit her at her home, and to her parents, stating the condition of her health and mind, exactly as they are. Should more speedy means of communication be found necessary, the telegraph will be resorted to. Should her family desire to communicate with her, let their communications be mailed to each one of the following journals: The Paris Figaro, the London Times and the New York Herald. Use the following cipher:

"Beginning with the letter G as 11. H as 12. I as 13, and so on, return to A, which, of course, will be 36. B as 1, C as 2, D as 3, E as 4, F as 5, G as 6, H as 7, I as 8, J as 9, K as 10, L as 11, M as 12, N as 13, O as 14, P as 15, Q as 16, R as 17, S as 18, T as 19, U as 20, V as 21, W as 22, X as 23, Y as 24, Z as 25. All well."

"It will be utterly useless to even attempt to learn the Princess' whereabouts," said Lydia. "The foregoing cipher will be kept solely on condition that no effort is made either to rescue her or to discover any thing whatever with regard to her."

As regards immediate communication, if that be necessary, telegraph a cipher-dispatch to the same papers, with the request to insert the cipher-message in their next issues."

Both ladies were horrified and astonished at the enormity and daring of this deeply-laid plan. They could scarcely believe the evidence of their senses that such a bold and reckless attempt was being made. It seemed impossible, and yet the proof of it lay in Natalie's absence and the two notes.

CHAPTER XII.

THE STORM.

The storm was now raging in its full force. The rain, in perfect torrents, was driving against the chateau walls. The wind howled about the house-corners and down the chimneys. The hail fell in driving showers, and the lightning in blinding flashes seemed never to cease. The entire house was in a state of wild confusion and alarm, and each servant was rushing aimlessly around, questioning the other.

Dimitri and Catherine swore that the Princess had quit her apartment only a few minutes before they themselves left the terrace. They exhibited the picture, moist with freshly-laid colors, as proof of her work during the afternoon.

Neither man nor place had been heard anything unusual. On the drive home they passed no persons, excepting some carter and a wayfarer pedestrian—both of whom they knew.

If these persons had witnessed any thing strange they surely would have spoken of it.

"Stay! Dimitri!" said Catherine, with a sudden inspiration: "do you remember noticing something queer?"

Dimitri reflected a moment. Said he: "You mean the whistle?"

"Yes," was her reply; "and do you remember that I spoke to you about it and asked what it was?"

"You are right," said he, "and the first whistle sounded only a few moments after the Princess went."

"Yes," continued the eager girl, "and the second was blown after we left the terrace, and that means that if she were to gain any headway in learning the history of this young American, she must make her way to the latter's home."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BRIGHT OUTLOOK.

The elections demonstrated beyond cavil that Grover Cleveland will be the Democratic standard-bearer for President in the campaign of 1888.

The result in the State of New York settles the question beyond a peradventure. From this time forward there will be no talk in the Democratic party favoring the nomination of any other distinguished Democrat for President. There will be no discussions relating to probabilities nor possibilities. There will be no intimations of dark horses. The Empire State, Grover Cleveland's State, has endorsed the administration of Grover Cleveland, and this endorsement solidifies the Democratic party throughout the country. The verdict of New York unifies the Democracy of Indiana. Here there is not a dissenting voice. Every doubt has disappeared. There has been opposition to Mr. Cleveland's administration in the ranks of Indiana Democracy, it were folly to deny. That misgivings have existed relative to his leadership is well known, and yet from first to last there has existed a profound respect for President Cleveland. His honesty of purpose has never been questioned, and the doubts and fears honestly entertained have been for months disappearing, and now they are gone—gone not to be revived.

While the rest of the recent election was the most cheerful significance to the Democratic party, they have been fruitful of the most disheartening consequences to the Republican party. The party is now without a leader, as it is without a policy. The Republican party looked to New York hopefully. It saw, or thought it saw, in the Henry George movement, in the fight between Fellow and Nicolai, and in the name of Grant, a chance for success, for inspiration, for the renewal of its vitality, for the endorsement of its policy, for the endorsement of its leader, and a Republican triumph in 1888. Its disappointment is overwhelming and demoralizing. It relegates Blaine to the rear and does not advance John Sherman's fortunes to the extent of a milligram or a millimeter. Blaine will hear the news in Europe and conveniently postpone his return. John Sherman's temperature will go nearer to zero than usual, and the field will have to be reworked for a man who can carry New York against Grover Cleveland.

It will not be denied that the Republican cause has pleasant hopes of success in Virginia, but the overthrow of Mahone and Riddleberger redeems the grand old State from the insufferable stigma which these men had heaped upon her name, and says to the Republican party and its heresies—avant. All things considered, the result of the elections is satisfactory, and the outlook full of cheer.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

BEFORE THE CONTEST.

Why Darkness Is Settling On The Party of Blaine and Sherman.

Mr. Blaine is still in Europe. He is not to blame for the ills that befall his party in New York, and if his party have no chance to win in the next National campaign, he can say, doubtless with truth, that he does not want the nomination. However, if the Democratic name "the old ticket," the Republican party may become emotional and ask Blaine to make the race again. How would the Plumed Knight relish the fame of having been twice defeated, and with an increasing majority against him? He is a hopeful man, but the result in New York must have startled him.

The discouragement of Blaine has given hope to Sherman. He could afford to be defeated. He is rich enough to accept the nomination and pay for the headquarters printing out of his own purse, being no longer Secretary of the Treasury. He is a candidate who would, perhaps, stir the Wall street better than does Mr. Cleveland.

Mr. Sherman might carry Ohio, Pennsylvania and other doubtful States. It is inconceivable that a convention, where spirits are high and enthusiasm prevails, should nominate Sherman. The nomination might fall on his chief-of-delegation, if a likely man, but on Sherman himself—that seems too far from the character of the people.

They like a man with warm blood in his veins. Yet, if Sherman should once get the nomination he might run well. He is a student of vast experience, and a brother of the General who marched through Georgia.

From the West there comes the echo of Allison's boom. Allison could carry Iowa, Nebraska and other doubtful States. Mr. Allison, without knowing much about finance, has an enviable reputation as a monetary expert. He is in the inner circle of the Senate, being chairman of the Appropriations and a member of the Finance Committee. But he can fire the popular heart as readily as Sherman can, and no more.

Had Logan lived, he could have carried Illinois, Minnesota and other doubtful States, but the New Yorkers would have fought him on the culture line. Still, the Republican party may well mourn the loss of a man who was honest, and inspired his followers with a decided belief that they could and would win. Conkling is out of the question; if Blaine could do nothing else he could prevent a Republican victory under Conkling. If there be an American Boulanger, let him now rise in the Republican party or forever hold his peace, for never was there a time, just before a battle, when a great organization was so badly off for leaders. Politically, Blaine has failed. Logan is no more. The names of Sherman and Allison excite no enthusiasm. Conkling's clients complain that his speeches are hardly worth his fee. Darkness settles on the grand old party and muggwumps thrive.—Chicago Herald (Ind.).

Colonel Fred Grant is said to bear his defeat with manly equanimity and good humor. If he could fully realize the amount of public good it has done, he might even regard it with satisfaction. It has crushed the son-of-a-great-man idea in politics, and saved the country from the young Blaines, Hayeses and Garfields.—Chicago Times.

IN A TIGHT PLACE.

The recent election in this State has made a very considerable change in the plan of campaign which the "party of moral ideas" had mapped out for next year. Mr. Blaine's stock went down with a rush when it was found that the man who was to swing the Empire State for him utterly failed to swing even one Republican official into the capital.

After the famous "combine," last January, had lifted Frank Hiseock from one House of Congress into another, and he returned to Washington to receive the congratulations of his brother members, he forthwith commenced setting up the pins for Mr. Blaine in this State, moved by gratitude, as he said, for what Mr. Blaine had done for him. He admitted substantially that his own election was due to the friends of Mr. Blaine working upon the supporters of Mr. Morton, with that gentleman's assent, and by an arrangement with them had restored harmony in the Republican party that would ensure the carrying of the Empire State for Blaine.

Mr. Hiseock's declaration to his colleagues in the house, last January, that "all things will now pull together in New York and Blaine will be nominated," received such a cold douche on November 8, that it may be considered as indefinitely modified. Mr. Blaine, however, no longer depends upon having the Empire State swung into line for him by Senator Hiseock, and it will be considerable up-hill work for him to "magnetize" the New York delegation at the next National convention.

It is not at all unlikely that the grab-bag will have to be resorted to by that body, with a number of names put into it which would never have been thought of had Senator Hiseock and his master, "Tom" Platt, succeeded in carrying the State. Mr. Sherman, looked upon now in Ohio as merely a fossil, or a specimen of extinct mammal, since Foraker acquired, with his election, that peculiar and unfortunate appendage known to politicians as a "swelled head." He regards himself now as Ohio's favorite son, and will stoutly contest the claims of any rival.

Judge Gresham again looms up as a candidate for the grab-bag, and, perhaps, Mr. Allison's name may be found in the same receptacle. Senator Culberson and Ben Harrison also hope for chances in the proposed lottery. The hopes of the Republicans are now reduced to keeping other Northern States from following the example of New York. The State is hopelessly lost to them, having declared against them six consecutive times. With Mr. Blaine in the field, there is every reason for them to expect to lose Massachusetts and several other Northern States. Without Mr. Blaine, however, they hope to "magnetize" the party and fire the Northern heart? As the Cleveland Blaine Democracy expresses it: "The situation is as distressing as an unlighted pipe in a blizzard." There only remains the grab-bag full of Presidential aspirants. Let them blindfold Halstead and tell him to draw the lucky or unlucky name.—Albany (N. Y.) Argus.

SECTIONAL HATRED.

The Despicable Spirit in Which Republicanism Is Being Sold in the South.

It is not easy to understand the sectional spirit in which certain Republican papers have treated the recent assassination of four white men and the subsequent troubles growing out of a labor disturbance in Louisiana. The people of that State and of every other Southern State where the negroes are plentiful have a problem which presents the difficulties of the labor question at the North complicated with the race question. They are honest, patriotic people, doing their best, according to the intelligence of their age. Accepting the judgment of their age, they are educating the negro in the earnest hope that education is the solution or all the problems of civilization. They can not see into the future to determine whether they will fail or not; and they can trust only to the existing order. They have their "present guide," and they are ready to make as many sacrifices to maintain it as are the people of Illinois to maintain theirs. Those whose prejudices are so sectional as to condemn out of their own mouths, for in the abstract there is no difference between the principle of the Louisiana outbreak and the Chicago riot. There is need that all Americans should stand by the American constitution and endeavor to avert the consequences of past mistakes, that constitutional liberty may be preserved. Whatever difficulties the future presents, the principles of the constitution are the only political guide on which implicit reliance can be placed. The foundation of the institution and read "No scholars shall take tobacco unless permitted by the president, with the consent of their parents and guardians, and on good reason first given by a physician, and then in a sober and private manner." The other is in the old Massachusetts colony laws, and prescribes the punishment for any one "who shall smoke tobacco within twenty poles of any house, or who shall take tobacco in any inn or common victualing house, except in a private room, so as that neither the innster of said house nor any other guest shall take offense thereat."

—An exceptionally daring thief broke into a Kansas City house the other day. He gathered together an entire outfit of clothing, including underwear, then repaired to the bathroom, and, after taking a bath, dressed himself in the stolen outfit and departed. His own clothes he carefully rolled up in a bundle and placed in the corner of the room.

—A Day in the Country.—Little Tommy (who has never been out of the city before)—"Oh, oh, oh! Kind Lady—What's the matter, Tommy?" Little Tommy—"Why, what a big sky they've got here, Miss."—Harper's Young People.

—Happiness is not perfected until it is shared.

POULTRY ON THE FARM.

How to Make Hens Profitable at All Seasons of the Year.

Although where farming is carried on upon a large scale poultry-keeping receives little or no attention, and is considered of little or no account, the case is different upon small farms, and where mixed farming is indulged in. While there are those that firmly believe that the damage done to growing crops, and especially the garden, by fowls at large, more than balances all the benefits to be derived from them, there is a vast majority of farmers who believe to the contrary. Farmers are not expected to be poultry fanciers and to exercise the care necessary to preserve the poultry of any special breed of fowls that they may have. In fact, with many the fowls are allowed their freedom, which renders them fully as profitable.

In looking over the records of figures of cost of keeping of fowls it is found that there is a very close uniformity so far as expenses are concerned, although the net profits depend upon the skill exercised in the care. Upon an average it costs about one dollar each to keep hens through the season, and the real profit of poultry-keeping must therefore come from what can be realized above the cost of feed, etc.

The income from poultry is derived from one or two sources, or from both combined—eggs and broilers.

In the first place, to be successful in poultry raising, requires that the fowls should be well kept; this is essential for the production of eggs.

Although the hens may be provided by nature with the germ of the egg, it is left for the keeper to provide to some extent for its perfect development.

Hens should not be kept too fat if eggs are desired, for it is a condition unfavorable to that end, and so largely fattening food should not be given unless the hens are compelled to exercise to a considerable extent. This applies more largely to hens that are confined or during winter. If hens run at large they get all the exercise that is needed, and they seldom get too fat. The feed in summer is of much less importance than in winter. Bugs and insects, the seeds of weeds and grasses, and such substances as they can secure during the summer, affords all the variety that is desirable, but in winter the case becomes different, and at this season is when the greater attention should be shown.

The first place protection is a necessity in winter; unless hens are reasonably protected, little need be expected or hoped for from them. Their quarters should be reasonably warm, light and dry. By reasonably warm is meant that they should be so protected as not to suffer from the extremes of weather either moisture or cold. It is much easier keeping fowls under such conditions than when exposed.

The house should be well supplied with comfortable perches, under which is to be strewn sand or road dust to avoid an unpleasant degree of filth, and for the more successful saving of the manure.

Give great variety to the feed; let it comprise all kinds of grains, and scraps from the table; pounded shells, bone and lime should also be provided.

By way of variety give an occasional feed of scalded meal or boiled potatoes, mixed with meal, to which may be added a little pepper or ginger as a condiment.

Chop apples, cabbage, green potatoes, turnips and onions for an occasional feed, and for the health of the fowls they may have a little sulphur mixed with the feed of meal or mashed potatoes. Provision for the sand-bath should not be omitted, but dry sand, earth and ashes should be at hand and so placed as to be accessible at all times; a little sulphur mixed with this will tend to keep off vermin.

If possible, hens should have more than one apartment; one for their perches and places for lying where they can get away from the rest of the flock, and one where they are to be fed and receive their exercise. This latter should be provided with sawdust and leaves, so that there will be ample opportunity for scratching, and if the layer of leaves is reasonably thick and grain is strewn among them, it will require some labor to secure it. If hens receive attention as indicated above, they will usually furnish a liberal supply of eggs at a season of year when eggs are in greater demand, and consequently of greater value. A small collection of poultry should go a long way towards supplying groceries for an average family.—Wm. H. Yeomans, in N. Y. Observer.

—Just how the use of tobacco was regarded in New England in the early days two laws show. One was made by the Harvard authorities, and the other by the institution and read: "No scholars shall take tobacco unless permitted by the president, with the consent of their parents and guardians, and on good reason first given by a physician, and then in a sober and private manner." The other is in the old Massachusetts colony laws, and prescribes the punishment for any one "who shall smoke tobacco within twenty poles of any house, or who shall take tobacco in any inn or common victualing house, except in a private room, so as that neither the innster of said house nor any other guest shall take offense thereat."

—An exceptionally daring thief broke into a Kansas City house the other day. He gathered together an entire outfit of clothing, including underwear, then repaired to the bathroom, and, after taking a bath, dressed himself in the stolen outfit and departed. His own clothes he carefully rolled up in a bundle and placed in the corner of the room.

—A Day in the Country.—Little Tommy (who has never been out of the city before)—"Oh, oh, oh! Kind Lady—What's the matter, Tommy?" Little Tommy—"Why, what a big sky they've got here, Miss."—Harper's Young People.

—Happiness is not perfected until it is shared.

PITH AND POINT.

—Labor is the divine law of our existence; repose is desertion and suicide.

—Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in every thing.—Stern.

—Old Bride—"Do you love me, darling?" Young Husband—"I venerate you."

—Many a young lady is perfect in pressing autumn leaves who leaves all the pressing of her clothes for her aged mother to perform.—Texas Siftings.